The Pilot that weathered The Storm.

The Music composed by

Mr. William Abington Junr.

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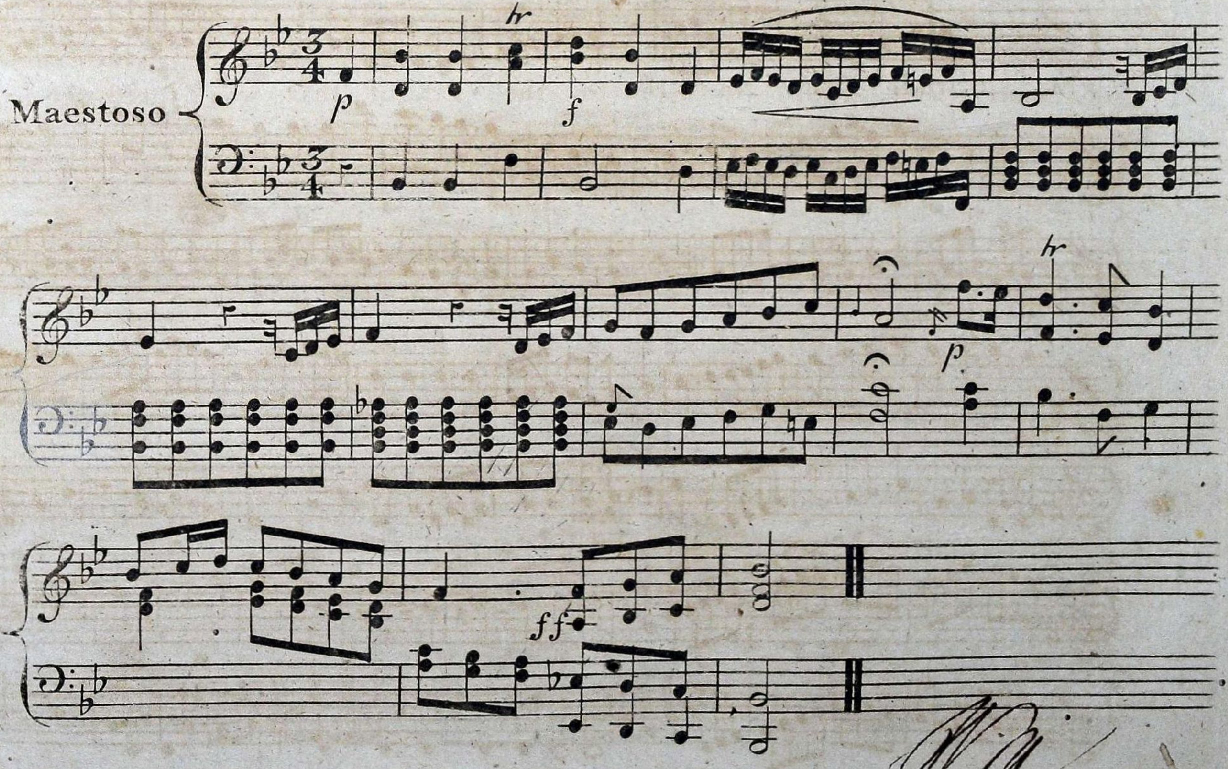

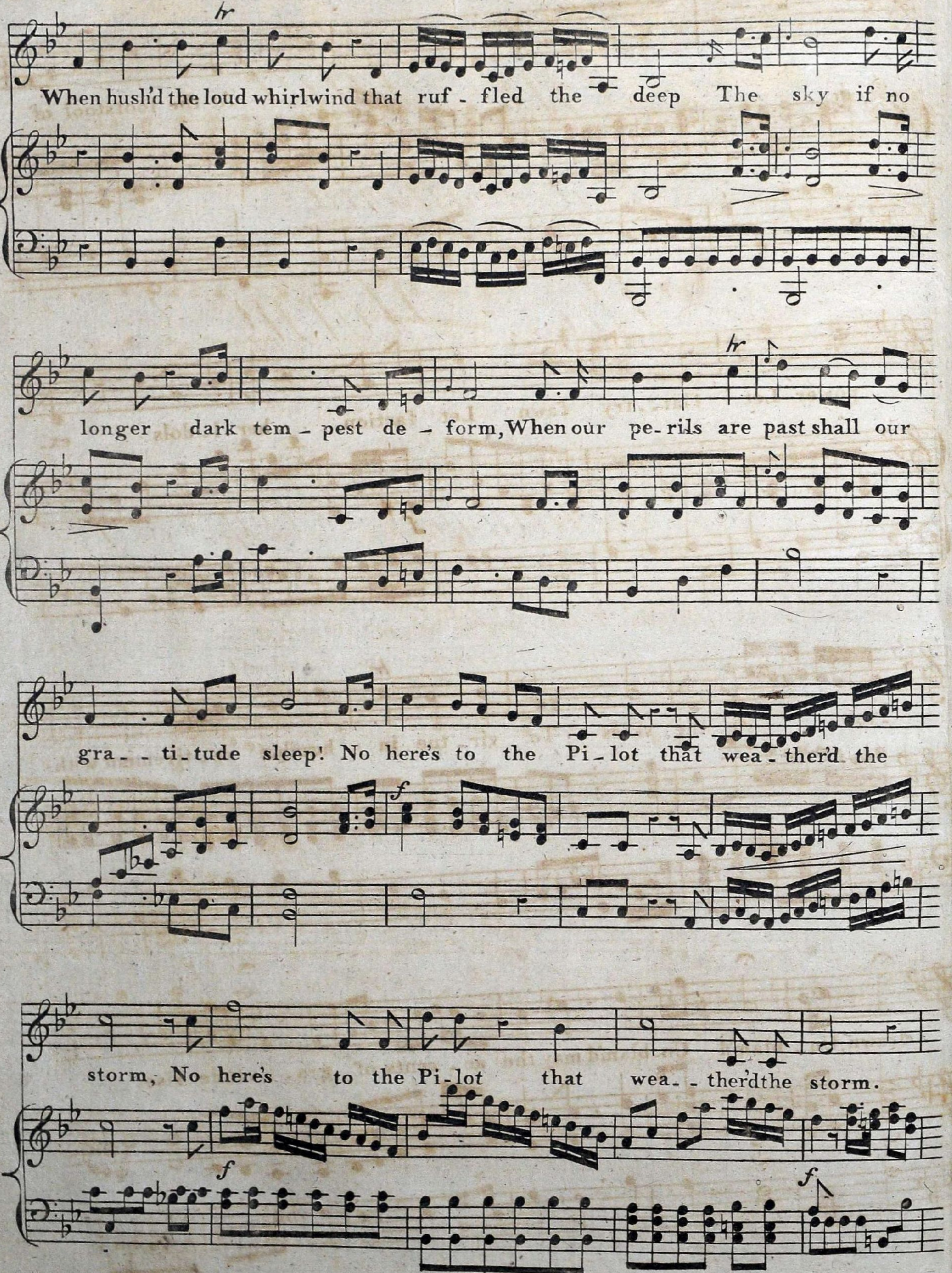
When hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruf - fled the deep The sky if no
longer dark tem - pest de - form, When our pe-rils are past shall our
gra - - ti - tude sleep! No here's to the Pi - lot that wea - therd the
storm, No here's to the Pi - lot that wea - - therd the storm.
f
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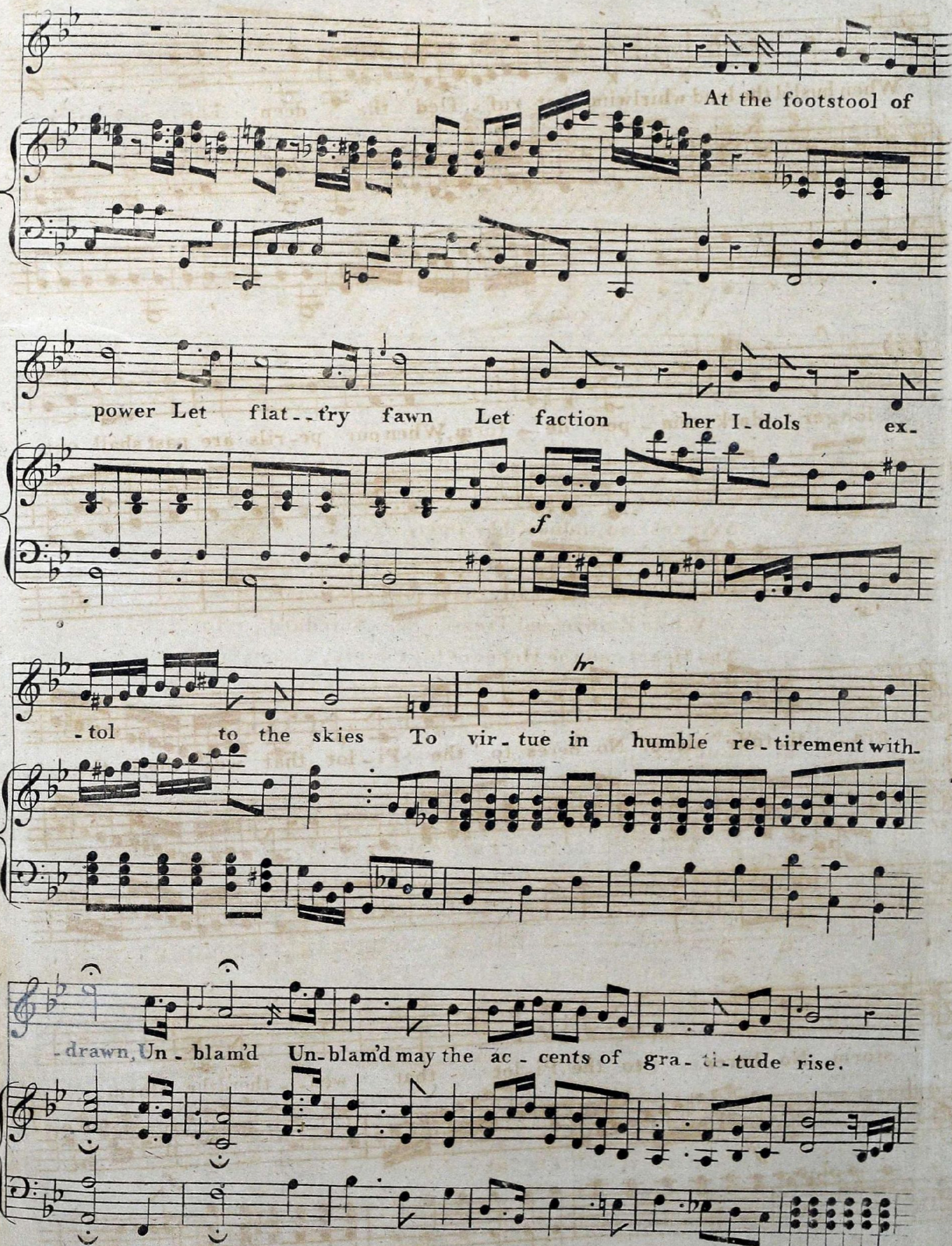
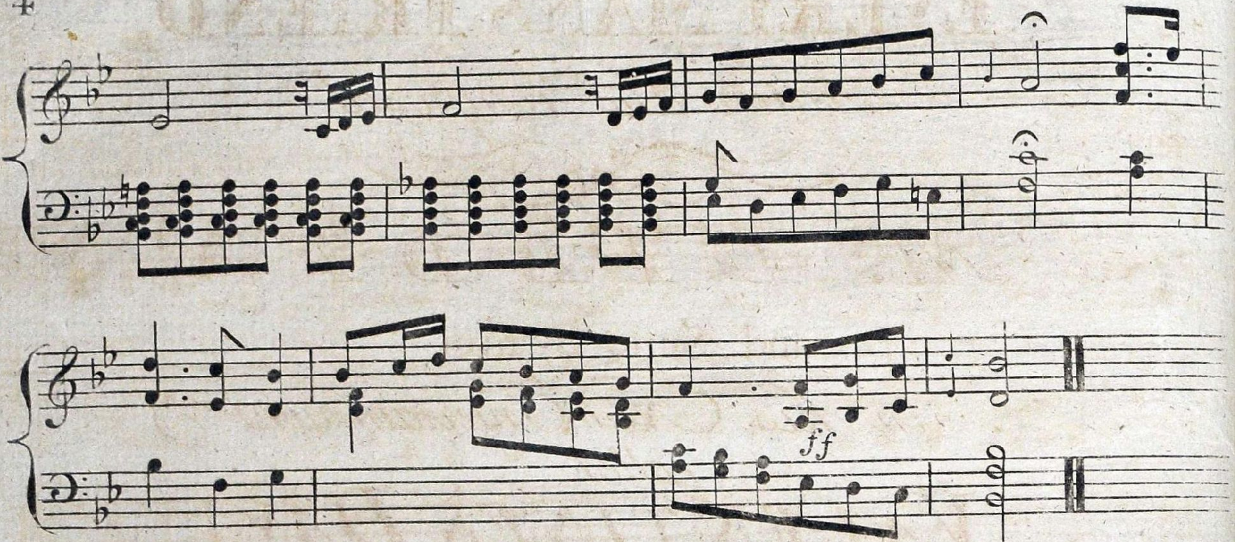

At the footstool of
power Let flat_t'ry fawn Let faction her I_dols ex_
_tol to the skies To vir_tue in humble re_tirement with_
_drawn, Un_blam'd Un_blam'd may the ac_cents of gra_ti_tude rise.



2

And shall not his mem'ry to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all Nations behold;
A Statesman, unbiass'd by Interest or Fear,
By Power uncorrupted, untainted by Gold?
Who, when Terror and Doubt thro' the Universe reign'd,
While Rapine and Treason their Standards unfurl'd,
The Heart and the Hopes of his Country maintain'd,
And one Kingdom preserv'd 'midst the Wreck of the World?

3

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the Blaze,
While the Beams of the Sun in full Majesty shine,
When he sinks into Twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild Lustre that gilds his Decline.
So, PITT, when the Course of thy Greatness is o'er,
Thy Talents, thy Virtues, we fondly recall;
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
Admir'd in thy Zenith, but lov'd in thy Fall!

4

Oh! take, then for Dangers by Wisdom repell'd,
For Evils, by Courage and Constancy brav'd;
Oh! take, for a Throne by thy Counsels upheld,
The Thanks of a People thy Firmness has sav'd!
And, oh! if again the rude Whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of Peace should fresh Darkness deform;
The Regrets of the Good, and the Fears of the Wise,
Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the Storm.